

The Guide to Holiness.

OCTOBER, 1863.

THE CAMP MEETINGS.

Thus far we have attended three of the N. E. Camp Meetings—that at Yarmouth, that at Martha's Vineyard and that at Sterling. We are now in attendance on the fourth, near Wilbraham.

There was a good work at Yarmouth, both in the church and among non-professors. In the Bromfield St. tent, with which we were connected, the meetings were seasons of very solemn interest, and several of the members were wonderfully quickened and blest.

Bro. J. A. Wood, of the Wyoming Conference, with a number of dear devoted friends of his present flock, was present and under God contributed not a little to the interest and success of the seasons of devotion at the stand and in the tent named.

Measures were taken to ascertain the exact number of professed conversions on the ground; but we did not learn the result of the inquiry. We knew of quite a number; and the work of holiness went on in several tents with power.

The Meeting at Martha's Vineyard commenced Aug. 18th and held till the morning of Tuesday, 25th. One never fails to be struck with the beauty of the scenery at the Vineyard and with the exquisite taste of the fixtures located by the Committee of Arrangements and of the cottages and tents for family residences, which exhibit such beauty of construction, and have at length become so multiplied that they are a wonder and an astonishment to all new-comers. We heard that there were 700 tents on the ground.

We were present at several interesting prayer meetings, while there; and at one time there were several penitents at the altar before the stand.

We next attended the Meeting at Sterling. Here there were perhaps sixty or seventy tents on the ground and there may have been more; we did not attempt to number them. A large proportion of them were society tents; the churches which attend there preferring, and we think with good reason, to keep as much together under the personal direction of their

respective pastors as possible. The experiment has proved it impossible for the pastor to maintain the prayer meetings with interest and vigor in the large, or society tent when his people are all scattered about in their family residences.

We were pleased to learn that the grounds at Sterling are to be improved before another annual gathering there.

We were much impressed with the size and demeanor of the congregations. Compared with either of the other Meetings the encampment itself was small, and yet the congregations which assembled to hear the Word were much larger than those even at Yarmouth, and their decorum and solemnity was marked and impressive beyond what we remember to have witnessed before.

The meeting was under the charge of Rev. D. Sherman, P. E. of Worcester District, and all the preachers present seemed much united with him and each other in laboring to promote the object for which we were assembled. Repeatedly, penitents came in considerable numbers into the altar, and many sinners were saved and many believers were purified during the meeting.

The closing services were on Saturday morning. We gathered before the stand and had several seasons of singing and prayer, during which the saving power of God was richly manifest. It was then ascertained that there were some seven minutes before it would be necessary to leave for the cars, and it was proposed to spend that time in brief expressions of God's dealings with our several souls. Instantly the dear friends began to arise one after another and utter their hearts in a single sentence each. Would that we could recall the burning words which were poured forth from lips almost inspired that morning. Ninety-two spoke in eight minutes, while the Pentecostal baptism fell incessantly on the assembly. "I am saved." "My soul has sunk into Jesus." "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "I came seeking full salvation, and I have received it." "I see my way clear thro' to heaven." "Through grace, the question of my life is settled." "Jesus saves me now." "I see a great light." "All is well." "The dew is falling all around; it falls on me." "I have perfect rest in Christ." "I want full salvation, help me into the stream." "This is the best morning of my life." "Hallelujah!

the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." So the current ran. Often there were three or four on their feet at a time, and the speaking was in a continuous stream of glowing words, much as if the utterances had been from a single tongue. Never before, in a ministry of near thirty years, have we witnessed a scene of the kind which equalled, or nearly approached that closing scene of the Sterling Camp Meeting.

O, may the Lord keep unto eternal life the precious ones who there gave their testimony for him; and may we all meet and know each other when mortality is swallowed up of life.

Up to this time, (Thursday, Sept. 3) the present (Wilbraham) Meeting has progressed with a good degree of interest and power. Rev. R. W. Allen, the P. E., is evidently aiming in his arrangements at the highest efficiency of the meeting; and he is well sustained by the ministry and laity on the ground. Every call for seekers to the altar is largely responded to, and the P. E. and preachers go down *en masse* and at once and engage in the work of prayer and religious council among the broken-hearted suppliants. Perfect order prevails on and about the grounds so far as we see and there is a prospect of a great and thorough work of grace here before the Meeting shall close. G.

P. S. The Wilbraham Camp Meeting went on with interest and success to its happy close on Friday night. The number of conversions must have been considerable, as there were twenty or more who professed faith in Jesus at the altar before the stand, and we heard of numbers, from time to time, converted at the prayer meetings in the tents.

We understood that the Meeting is to be held hereafter at a location near the Connecticut River, and farther north.

We were compelled by a sudden failure of strength to desist from all labor after Thursday P. M., and received such constant and affectionate attentions at the hands of several physicians and many friends, as laid us under the strongest obligations of gratitude both to God and to them. May they never lack a friend in time of need.

Returning, in a state of great weakness and prostration, to Boston on Saturday, we rested from all labor and all care on the Sabbath and found such return of strength as to be able to attend service in the evening, when we listened

to a heart-stirring sermon from Dr. Kingsley of the Western Christian Advocate. It was a sermon full of Christ, and adapted to draw all men unto him. With such preaching the church will not starve and the world will not perish.

Strength suddenly rallying, we continued our line of action, according to appointment, and on Monday came to this place to take charge of a little meeting which we are holding in Hall's Grove. The attendance is not above five hundred thus far, but there is an excellent spirit prevailing, and there have been several instances of the experience of perfect love. There have been but about sixteen or eighteen ministers present, but they have labored with zeal and efficiency, and with great union of spirit in the work of God; and they have not labored in vain. G.

Marion, Sept. 12, 1863.

THE PRESENT NUMBER of the Guide has been prepared amidst many embarrassments. The almost incessant toil of five successive Camp Meetings has occupied us and taxed our time and strength severely. There may be discovered a few inaccuracies in the typography of the Number, but we believe our readers will generally say it is quite as rich in good things as its predecessors have been. G.

A LIBERAL AND VALUABLE OFFER.

Everybody has heard of Seth Boyden's wonderful new Strawberry. From all accounts, it is a marvellous thing—the berries nearly as large as hen's eggs, and as good as they are large. Dealers were after it, offering as high as \$3000 for the plants, to speculate upon; but we are glad to know that the enterprising Publisher of the *American Agriculturist* got the start of them, and bought up all the plants, and is multiplying them in order to give them away to his subscribers! To those unacquainted with it, we would say that the *Agriculturist* is a large Journal, of 32 pages in every number, is beautifully got up, and is illustrated with many pleasing and instructive Engravings, which are alone worth the whole cost. The pages are literally filled with good things—plain, practical, reliable information upon everything connected with the work of the HOUSEHOLD, the GARDEN, and the FARM,—including a very pleasing and instructive Department for Children and Youth that is hardly surpassed by any of the professedly Children's Magazines. There are special reasons for subscribing now: *First*, the rule for distributing the Strawberry plants is, "first come first served;" and *Second*, every new subscriber for the 23d annual Volume (that is, for all of 1864), will get the remaining numbers of this year FREE. Take our advice then, and send a dollar at once to the Publisher, (ORANGE

JUDD, 41 Park Row, N. Y. City,) and secure the paper, and the extra numbers, and also an early place in the great Strawberry list. If the plants are to come to you by mail, as they can safely do, send an extra five cents to cover the mailing. Those desiring to see the *Agriculturist*, before subscribing, can get a post-paid copy, by sending a *dime* to the Publisher, as above.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LETTER TO A SOLDIER.

A little girl, a Sunday school scholar in the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, wished to do some good to the soldiers. This plan was adopted. She purchased a Testament, inclosed in it a letter, and intrusted the package to a friend, to be handed to any sick soldier he might meet. This friend attended to the mission intrusted to him. A sick soldier received the Testament and its inclosed letter. They had a wonderful influence upon him. His appreciation of the letter was shown by refusing ten dollars for it. Dr. Howard, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of this city, said he had seldom listened to anything couched in language so sublime. It runs in this style:

MY DEAR SOLDIER,—I send you a little Testament. I am a little girl seven years old. I want to do something for the soldiers who do so much for us; so I have saved my pocket money to send you this. Although I have never seen you, I intend to begin to pray that God will make and keep you good. O, how sorry I am that you have to leave your dear mother. Did she cry when you bade her good-by? Don't you often think of her at night when you are going to bed? Do you kneel down and say your prayers? If I were you I wouldn't care if the other soldiers did laugh. God will smile upon you. I am sorry, very sorry that you are sick. I wish that I could go to nurse you. I could bathe your head and read to you. Do you know there is a happy land? I hope you will go to that land when you die. But remember I will pray that you may get well again. When you are able to sit up, I wish you to write to me, and tell me all your troubles. Inclosed you will find a postage stamp. I live at 254 North Ninth-street. Good-by.

Your friend, LIZZIE SCOTT.

The soldier answered this letter. We hope hereafter to be able to secure a copy of his reply.

OUR DARLING MATTY.

Happy little Mary Burton has gone to God. She loved him, and so he took her home to live with him. I suppose he did it so soon, when she was only fourteen years old, because he wanted to make her happier than she could be here. So she went to heaven, where there is no sin nor suffering, and where are pleasures forevermore.

She was all ready to go.

Five years before this, when I first knew little Matty, she was a bright, playful child, very truthful and conscientious, and fond of good people and good things. I liked to meet her eyes—those clear, attentive, happy eyes—as she sat opposite me in our Sunday-school class. Dear eyes! They seemed to say, as plainly as words could speak, “I love Sunday, and Sunday school, and I love you.” By and by they began to say more. When we talked about the lesson which she had so perfectly recited, or the lovely hymns she often learned, or about the love of Jesus, those pleasant eyes would glow and soften with a new light, and seemed to say tenderly, “I love *Jesus* too.”

And then her conduct was so good! Once our superintendent asked the school a question: “What makes a model Sunday-school scholar?” I answered in my heart, “To be like Matty.” Other girls might be looking at their neighbors' bonnets, or gazing around the room, or whispering about something that amused them, but Matty enjoyed the lesson too much to throw it away. She too was often amused, and we often laughed together; but it was about what we were learning, or some pleasant thought that made her glad. These things made me want to know how she seemed at home. So I asked one of her family, “Do you think Matty loves the Lord Jesus? Does she try to *live* like a Christian child?” What a pleasant answer! “Yes, I think Matty does. She wants to hear about Jesus, and loves to pray; and at night she tells me her thoughts and her feelings about being a Christian, and she is very consistent.” So one day I talked alone with Matty herself. Dear child! She nestled close to my side, and hid her face upon my bosom, and wept. She was so sorry for her sins, and that she loved Christ so little! But soon the cloud cleared away, for she knew he had forgiven her, and had promised to save her.

Two years did little Matty grow in grace and in favor with us all, and then she wished to sit down at the Lord's table, as his loving children do.

"I should like to join the church now, when I am twelve years old," she said, "because Jesus was twelve years old when he entered into the temple." We were very glad to receive her into our number. So for two years more she was the youngest daughter and dear child of our church, and then she joined the church in heaven. She kept close to Jesus, and enjoyed her pleasures, her plays, and her companions all the more because she knew that she had a dearer Friend who had promised to keep her safe from all harm.

One day Matty was talking with her friend Fanny, who was a Christian too, about being good at school. "Well," said Matty, "this is the way I do. When I am going to school in the morning, I always pray that God would keep me through the day. Then, when I sit down in my seat, I just put my head down a minute and ask him to help me be a good girl. After school is begun, every time I open my books to get a lesson, I pray that I may learn it well, and when I go out to recite, I pray that I may say it perfectly."

That is what the bible calls "praying always." And this was *real* prayer. Matty wanted help; she believed she could get it by asking, and *she did*. Saying over some words night and morning, without any real wish in them, is not prayer.

At home Matty was dearly loved. She often amused the children by telling them stories and saying hymns. Once she told me that, when little Harry was doing anything she did not like to have him do, she could always stop him in a minute if she said, "Oh! Matty can not say any more hymns to Harry if he does so!"

Everybody was grieved when it was known that dear Matty Burton was taken sick with fever. We all thought we *could* not spare her, because she was doing so much good to others by her cheerful, faithful life. The Lord Jesus has not very many holy, happy children here, and we hoped he would spare her to us for an example to others. But she soon grew very ill, and became unconscious except for a few moments at a time. She could have had no time for repentance, if she had not made ready for death before. One of

the family said to her, "Isn't it a relief to you that you chose Christ for your friend when you were well?" "Oh," said she, "I don't know what I should do now if I had not." When her reason returned for a few minutes, she would ask to have the Bible read to her, and to have some one pray. Once her sister chose the 14th chapter of John, and began, "Let not your heart be troubled." "Why," said Matty, "how did you know that was my favorite chapter?" And her heart was *not* troubled; for when, by and by, they were obliged to tell her that she might not get well, she was perfectly calm. She only said, "If it is God's will that I should go to him now, I am willing; I am not afraid. But you will read to me a great deal about Jesus, won't you?"

Matty suffered very much, but no impatient word escaped her lips. She was so afraid of murmuring that she often asked if the tone of her voice seemed harsh. Ah! that voice was soon hushed on earth, but only to sing sweeter and stronger the new song in heaven. Those eyes, which kindled with joy and love at the name of Jesus here, have now seen her dear Lord in his beauty. She remembered him in the days of her youth, and he remembered her when she came to die, and led her safely through the gate, into the city of glory. There our darling will live among the children of the King, through all the days of eternity. There she shall never grow old or sorrowful; never sin, and never die.

When tossing to and fro in her sickness, she had said, "I want to *rest*." So when she had fallen asleep in Jesus, and her pale form, strewn with flowers, was brought to our Sunday-school room for the burial service, her schoolmates sang, "There is rest for the weary; There is rest for you." It was one of her favorite hymns, and she has found it true.

Dear children, Matty lived a happy life, and died a blessed death, because she was a christian.

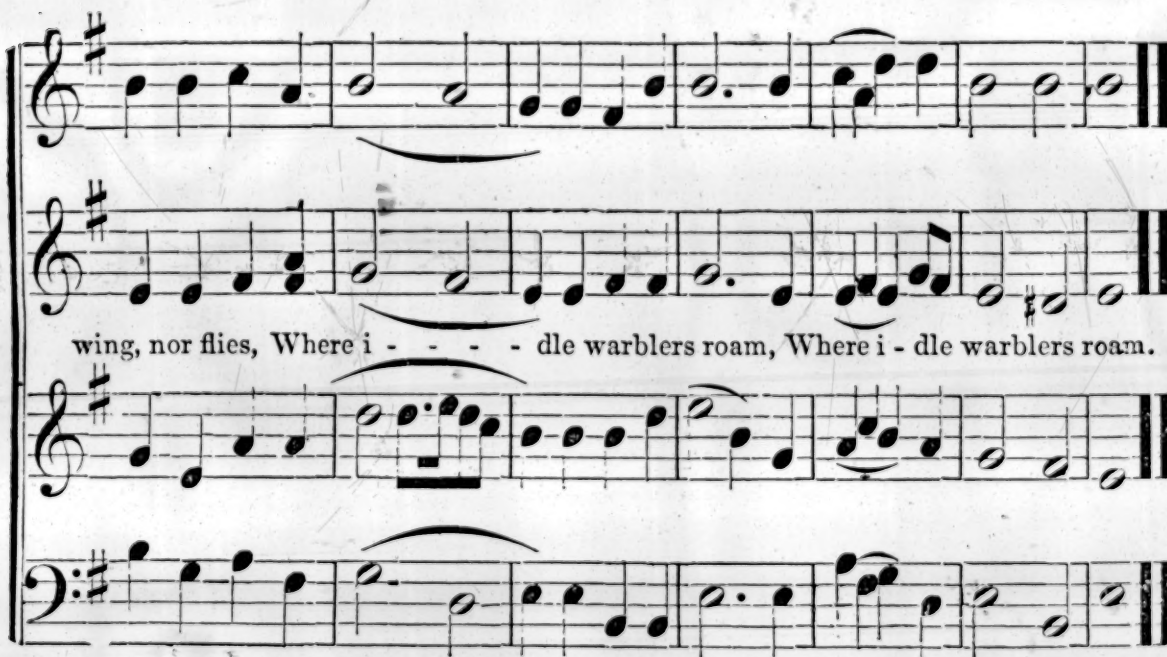
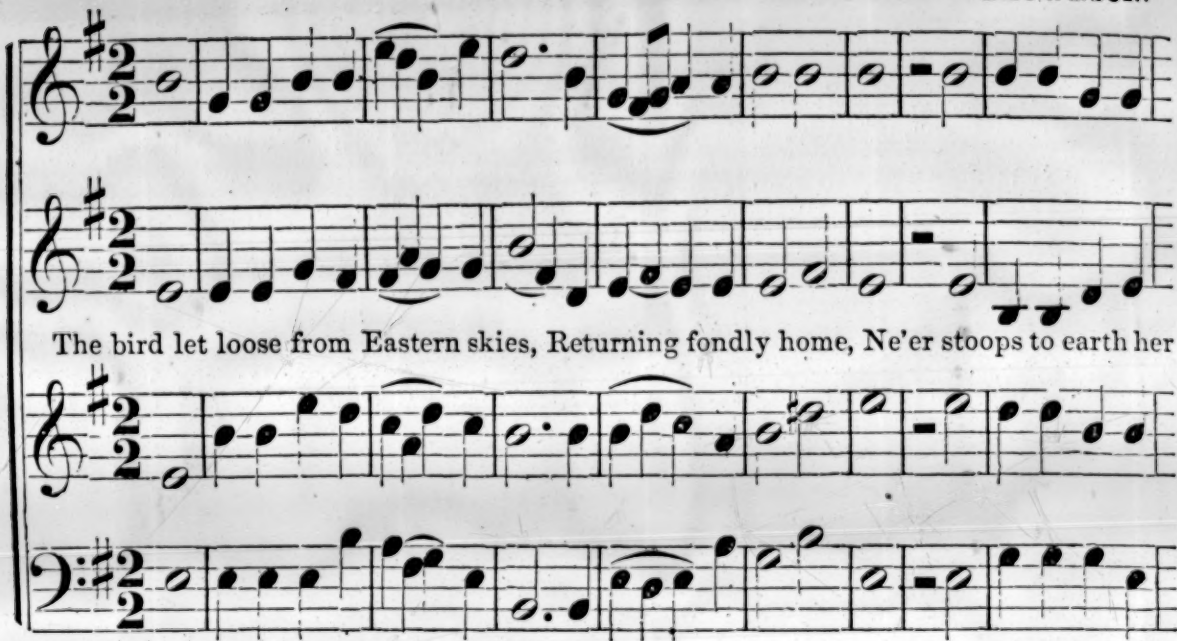
Do you wish *you* knew how to be one? Matty too used to say, "I do want to be a christian, but I don't know how exactly." She prayed every day to be taught *how to believe in Jesus*. And God answered her prayer. If you will pray, "Lord, teach me how to love and trust thee, and forgive my sins," he will hear and save you too.

c.

Tract Journal.

VIRGINIA. C. M.

BROWNSON.



2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To hold my course to Thee.

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.—MOORE.

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

MAN SAVED BY MAN: OR HUMAN AGENCY IN GOD'S WORK.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

"Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins."—James v. 19-20.

The peculiarity of this scripture consists in the prominence it gives to human agency in the work of human salvation. In discussing it, I wish to inquire

I. WHAT IS IT TO BE CONVERTED?

To convert is to change. Evangelically, the term is used, sometimes in a restricted or technical sense, to signify the gracious change wrought in us by the Holy Spirit by which we are made new creatures in Christ Jesus; by which grace is imparted to the heart, and which is indicated by the phrase "created in Christ Jesus unto good works." Where the term is so used it signifies something distinct from repentance or faith or pardon or adoption and has a meaning restricted to the one act of grace by which God imparts spiritual life to the human soul. But the term has often a much wider meaning than that; and it is used to signify

all the gracious changes both in our hearts and in our relations to God which in the aggregate take a man out of the condition of a sinner doomed to death and put him into that of a saint ready for heaven. In this broad sense it seems to be used in the text.

II. IN WHAT SENSE MAY ONE MAN CONVERT ANOTHER?

"In *no* sense do I hear you say, indignant that such a question should be asked from the pulpit?" These man-made converts! there are quite too many of them in the church. "Away with such an idea from the church. Give it to the Romanists, or thrust it out of the world." Well, now my friend, I sympathize with all that pious horror of yours, fully and keenly. It certainly is true, within the limits of what I believe to be your meaning that one man cannot convert another.

One man cannot transform another man from a sinner to a saint. He cannot change the disposition of that other, nor his habits, nor his affections, nor his will, nor his relations to God. He cannot take from him any sinful affection nor any guilt, and he cannot impart to him either innocence or purity.

Yet there is a sense in the which one man may convert another—may

save another. The text asserts it, and the text stands not alone to assert it. "Timothy, take heed unto thyself and to the doctrine; continue in them for in so doing thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." Timothy save his hearers? Yes, that's the language of the Holy Spirit. Hear the text; "If any of you do err from the truth and *one convert him*;" there it is again. "*He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way*," there it is again "shall *save a soul* from death," and there again. Now, what shall we do with these scriptures? Surely, we must not throw them away because they do not seem to quadrate with our notions of orthodoxy. All the words of the scriptures are true and full of precious meaning. It is our better way to patiently examine the words of the Bible and with reverent docility to inquire how far their meaning goes and what is not embraced in them. There is, there must be a sense in which one man can convert and save another or the scriptures would not repeatedly affirm and imply it.

We come back to the inquiry what *is* that sense, since we have seen what it is not.

Tell me then in what sense one man may *ruin* another and you will have suggested in what sense one man may *save* another. You hear a mother say I don't dare to let my Willie play with that wicked boy across the street—Why, he would *ruin* my child. You hear a man tell of a besotted man in his neighborhood who resolved on reformation and became temperate and industrious till all about his person and his premises began to put on a new aspect; when, unfortunately some of his former associates in sin induced him to go with them to one of their haunts of

vice and they *ruined* the poor man again. Now what is the sense in which the mother and neighbor use the word "*ruin*" in these cases. They surely don't mean to imply that the agents in either case compel to vice; that their acts create evil and inject it into the soul of the patient. Not that at all. They simply imply that there is a moulding power in the contact of mind with mind, by which one, strongly bent on evil, may win a mind less strongly attached to good, to its own pernicious course; and so compass its ruin. Now let us suppose this influence and this process reversed, and say just as one man may *ruin* another so may one man *save* another; and then, as I think, we shall have the meaning of the terms "*convert*" and "*save*" in the text.

There is, as it seems to me, an analogy or parallelism in the two processes, which is nearly complete: for instance; a sinful man exerts, whether he will or not, a general influence, often imperceptible to himself by which according to his strength of evil tendency he draws those about him to the practical adoption of his principles and manner of life.

This "*insensible influence*" as one writer has termed it, is one of the most potent of the social forces, in the moulding of character. A man who lives in sin, cannot if he would, cast about himself an atmosphere of holiness and truth. A holy mind will feel the chill on coming into his presence; and feeble virtue will reel and falter under his eye. The law of sin is in his members and there is no better law in his mind. His whole head is sick with the disease, and from the head downward to the feet there is an active gangrene that taints the air with

its terrible infection. No godly man can voluntarily maintain association with such a character, without suffering in his own spirit.

Now just the reverse of this is true of every man of God. There is a spirit of humility and love and prayer in him, and a corresponding atmosphere about him. His words, his looks, his manner reveal in a thousand ways the spirit within and his very presence is favorable to the growth of pious desire. Your worldliness and unsanctified solitudes feel rebuked by the serenity of his face, and your holiest aspirations find nourishment in his words and in his silence. So the scriptures say, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." Thus we have one point of the parallel: just as a sinner exerts an influence to make or keep others such, from the fact that he is a sinner, so does the life of God in the soul of a holy man beam forth with an inviting light, to draw all men unto it.

Again; men are ruined by *example*. There is a tendency in us to do what we see others do; and that for no other reason than that others are doing it. Hence comes the sway of fashion. "Men and women around me, do and dress thus and thus; therefore that is the way; I must do so too." How came that youth so profane? A little while ago he shuddered to hear an oath. How is it that now his terrible words of blasphemy are so appalling? Simply that he heard other persons swear and soon came to imitate a practice which at first was shocking to him. Thus men are led into the various forms of sin and vice and crime not generally so much because of any erroneous precepts which are dispensed to them as by

the pernicious power of example.

Here too the parallel holds, and man may save man by example. A man of spiritual mind and godly life is constantly exerting an influence on others for their good, by the tempers he exhibits and the works he performs. Everywhere, my brethren, the eyes of men are upon us; fixed upon us, it may be often, with no friendly intent but only to watch for our halting; but the fact that we are thus made a spectacle to men is not only a call to walk circumspectly before them but a summons to the work of saving them; for there is power; almost irresistible power in holy example. In this way we can preach Jesus everywhere; by the way, in the office, in the cars, in the market place, in the school, by the fireside, at the table, on the sick-bed; wherever duty calls us to walk or suffer, there may the steady unquestionable light of a holy example go forth to enlighten and win and save men from death.

God gives to us that are parents especially, a most hopeful field for the exercise of this potent agency. The group of young immortals whose characters are forming under our hands have a faith in us and a love for us which make them in some sense passive in receiving the influences which may come to them from us. We are daily, almost constantly with them. Their hearts are pliable and may be impressed deeply with facility. Besides, we have the power to pre-occupy their minds with first impressions. The godly example of father and mother has saved the soul of many a child. May your children, my brother be led to Jesus by your practical fidelity to the Master.

But again; men are *ruined* by persuasion and enticement. Sinners are

perpetually proposing seasons of forbidden gratification to each other, and are often especially gratified when they can draw the uninitiated into the snare of their ruinous pastimes. Invitations everywhere abound to the card table, to the social glass, to the dance, to the theatre and in a word to each particular avenue by which men and women throng to the gates of hell.

And, my brethren, we may *save* men by persuasion. Satan's servants know how to exhort. They mount no rostrum. They make no parade. They are no formalists. They simply mean to draw men with them to sin and ruin, and so they watch their man, and wait for the opportune moment. They throw out a suggestion; they drop a hint; they make an inquiry; or they tell an anecdote as suits the occasion and the purpose best. O with what infernal ingenuity do they plot and work to *ruin* souls and gain accomplishments in the work of sin.

Would God, my brethren, there were a heart in us to counterwork all this in our efforts to *save* souls from death. Why don't we thrust ourselves into this work, and labor a thousand times more earnestly and ingeniously for our Master than sinners do for theirs? Why are we so formal, so precise, so long in coming at our work? Why don't we throw our whole souls into this effort to save men? How little there is among us of this persuading men to come to Christ; this christian habit of inviting men to the prayer-meeting, to the church, to the cross. And when, now and then, we do attempt it how very *dignified* we are, how much more inclined to *reason* than to *plead* with men; *beseeking* them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. In God's name and strength

we can out do the wicked in this work of persuading men, if we will. There is too little *heart* in our efforts to save men. Our *cheeks* are too dry. We are too *professional*. We need a baptism of love—pure love to God and every soul of man: this will give us a genuine zeal and zeal will put us on the alert and make us watchful for opportunities to save men, and ingenious in our work. Men are *ruined* by persuasion; let us *save* them by persuasion.

But I fear we do not yet feel the weight of this subject, neither have laid it fully to heart. The truth is, God saves man by man; and only where the human agent works, does God work. Saul of Tarsus was not converted till Annanias had wrought in the work. God wrought miracles to bring the ministry of Philip to the Eunuch, that the latter might be saved. Peter must preach before Cornelius could be converted; and where, I pray you in all the scriptures is a conversion to be found without the intervention of a human agent.

The announcement of Jesus is, "ye are the salt of the earth, and if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" what shall save the earth, if there be no savor, no salt in the church? plainly implying that God's method of working to save mankind is to work through the church and that his plans involve the necessary agency of the church in the salvation of men. How plainly is the same truth involved in the remark of Jesus, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the *laborers* are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth *laborers* into his harvest. The real forces of the gospel are all superhuman, all divine but

God has left the *administration* of those forces, so to speak, all with the church. Enlarge or contract the field of view as you may, still the truth appears; God works through the lives and labors of his people and only works where that life and labor are "workers together with him." If the heathen world is to be saved it will be through the benevolent agency of the church at home. We must publish and send the Bible forth, that they may read. We must send our sons and daughters that they may go to toil and suffer and die in the ends of the earth for the salvation of the perishing. If the tide of iniquity in our own country is to be stayed and rolled back, the church must do it. If her desolate places are to be visited and her wilderness of ignorance and wretchedness to be made to blossom as the rose, let the church understand it well, it will all be done through her agency. Power of her own, she has not; but all resources are pledged to her,—God is ever within call, and he that rideth on the heavens for her help is sworn to defend, direct and crown her. The church can shake and heave the world if she will.

III. WHY SHOULD WE SEEK TO SAVE MAN?

God's reason is the best reason, therefore, let us have his first. "Let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall *save a soul from death*." What an enterprise is here? "Shall save a soul from death;" and what a death! Were it only physical death, what things, possible or impossible, do not men sometimes attempt to rescue the perishing? A man has fallen into the river, and struggles with the turbid waters, whose current, boiling and

whirling bears him on. See how the eager crowds rush along the shore, now shouting their words of courage to their friend, now trying to throw him a rope, now thrusting forth some floating plank or timber to his aid, some running to seize a neighboring boat, and perhaps one or two athletic swimmers plunging themselves into the water that they may rescue their feeble friend. Nobody thinks of style or manner here; to achieve the object; *to save a man from death* is the all absorbing aim. So should we with eager haste and a noble self-forgetfulness throw all our energies into the work of saving souls from death. We *can* do it, brethren, by God's help, and he *will* help us; for he commands us to abound in the work of the Lord and pledges that our labor shall not be in vain.

Did you hear the wild clangor of the bells as the alarm of fire rang out on the night air? You looked out at your window and saw the heavens made light by the flame that leaped and danced and roared in its angry work of quick destruction. In a minute men were running, from every quarter shouting the cry of FIRE! from street to street. Soon 'tis known that a child is in one of the burning dwellings and must be rescued or die in a few moments. There was sorrow among the spectators before, there is agony and consternation now. The father is palsied with grief, the mother is little better than a maniac; while all around is agitation and bitterness of distress. Suddenly a ladder is thrown against the house and several engines turn their streams upon it. A young man flies up amidst the smoke and water and rushing in seizes the helpless child and at the peril of his own life

descends with it to safety and its mother. From that vast eager crowd, how the shout rings out, in honor of the brave man that *saved a child from death*.

But what of the work of *saving a soul from death*? How almost infinitely more important is it than the rescue of a human body from destruction. O for the holy violence of prayer and faith and zeal. Let us determine, my brethren that we *will* save souls and then pray and believe and work accordingly and God *will* give us souls. We *shall* see sinners converted unto him.

There is a special emphasis in the expression, "*let him know*;" a phrase not elsewhere used in the scriptures, which seems to convey the sympathy which God feels in the work of soul-saving by a form of assurance peculiarly strong and striking as if God would have every believer reiterate the truth in the ears of the laborer to encourage him amidst the difficulties of his task of saving a soul from death. "Let him know it." Be *sure* and tell him. Tell him, *all of you*. Tell him *repeatedly*. Speak to him with the most inspiring *earnestness*. Make him understand and *feel*, how *great* is the salvation, how *priceless* is the soul, how *precious* in the sight of God are his toils for its deliverance, how infinitely *terrible* is the death he would avert and how glorious the *crown* and the *reward* to which he would lift up a sinful soul from the gates of hell.

And then, what darkness and remorse, and shame, and torment, and despair forever are grouped in that one word, "death." It is separation, utter, final, everlasting, from God and the just, from probation and grace, and it is allotment with lost angels

and lost men; the castaways and offal of all being, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. To save a soul from such a death, and lift it up to such a life is worthy the effort of many life times; and how unspeakable is the honor which is conferred upon us, in permitting us to have the principal visible agency in a transaction so momentous as the bringing of sinners to God.

But the text supplements this motive, by adding, "and hide a multitude of sins;" cover, conceal, put out of sight a multitude of sins. All the sins of the converted man in his past life are covered by God's forgiving mercy in the day of his repentance and to these we must add all the sins which his future life would have exhibited had he not been saved. But the catalogue extends still further; for his sinful life would have nourished sin in others and sin in these must have reproduced itself in others still to the end of time. Now all this terrible current and chain of influence is destroyed; and the life of the saved man is to beget a progeny of godly agencies that accumulate and roll along the ages till a thousand walk in white and the ever swelling tide of good shall break along the coast of eternity in anthems of praise forever. O who would not save a soul? Who would not dry up, if he might, such a stream of death; who would not inaugurate the operation of such a train of celestial agencies. God help us my brethren to *save a soul* and may we set about this work at once, and never again rest from our labor, till we rest in the grave.

There is a joy in saving souls. Indeed, there is no other joy equal to *that* joy, as it seems to me, this side of heaven. "These things have I spoken

unto you, that *my joy* might remain in you and that *your joy might be full*. What things? Why, all about abiding in the vine, and *bearing fruit*. What is the joy of Christ which he desires should be in us? "For the *joy that was set before him* he endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Doubtless, the joy of Christ is the joy of bringing many sons unto glory. Among the angels of God that stand near the throne and catch its sympathies there is joy when one sinner repents. How much more in the heart of Jesus who died for that sinner. How then must the heart of Christ thrill with joy as he hears the penitent cry from many thousands of altars in every part of the world he redeemed.

Mark the joy of Christ at Jacob's well. Tired and footsore with his walk from Jerusalem, he halted at the hour of noon. Too poor to go into town and dine at an Inn the company were to lunch at the well. Always ready and waiting for an occasion to do good, he soon found one, in the approach of a woman from the neighboring village, to draw water. His words instructed and awakened her, and she went back to the town to call her neighbors forth, to see the wonderful Prophet. What a scene of spiritual interest was here! As the people came flocking forth the disciples who had now made ready the simple repast began to pray him, "Master, eat." But he did not eat: he said "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." "Hath any man brought him aught to eat?" inquired they. "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me and to finish his work," he replied. "Say not ye," he continued, "there are yet

four months, and then cometh the harvest; behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." It is not wonderful that a tired and hungry man, whose soul was charged with such thoughts as these, should forget both hunger and fatigue in his desire to save souls and gather fruit. In his exceeding joy at the opportunity of saving souls which had so suddenly arisen, Jesus lost his appetite and took no dinner but he wrought in the work of God and gathered fruit unto life eternal.

His spirit is in all that are truly his; and *his joy* is in them—the joy of bringing sons unto glory.

But I must abruptly close this discourse. My heart is full of this blessed theme which touches so vitally the true glory of the church. It is her business to subdue the earth to Christ. She can do it whenever she shall avail herself of the armor and the arms. All things are ready. Every member of the church can lead at least one soul to Christ in a year if he will, and that simple process alone would convert the world in less than seven years. Look abroad and see how slowly the work goes on. And how far the church is from even any adequate convictions of either duty or privilege in this matter.

God have mercy on us.

IN thine own temptations, often ask counsel of those that have been tried, and have overcome; and in the temptations of thy brother, treat him not with severity, but tenderly administer the comfort which you desire to receive.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING HEROES.

There are sovereigns who have esteemed the right to reign less precious than the privilege to serve; and long is the list of the uncrowned, the men who in high places of power have stood up for Christ's sake, for justice, truth, and liberty; the valiant wrestlers for the right; the brave, trusting spirits which have gone forth self-consecrated to battle with sin and woe wherever our smitten humanity is found; the hearts which have beaten in the quick response of relationship to the myriads who are groping, suffering around them; the long, triumphant, radiant procession, the sound of whose *Gloria in excelsis* has won the world's passing hosanna, as with the pomp and circumstance of most militant faith it has swept victoriously by.

But there is another and a more silent service, which has no glitter before the eye of man, and no reward on earth—the service of that goodly company which moves with muffled tread amid the world's unspoken scorn—the great army of “the last” which may be destined to be “first.”

The *Io Peans* of this multitude are voiceless, and it has no other light than the faint halo of Christ's beatitudes; yet in its ranks some of the most celestial attainments and sublimest triumphs of faith are to be found. Here are “God's heroes,” the heroes of the sick chamber and the vigil by the cradle-side; the heroes of poverty and of the workshop; of silent, patient endurance, having learned through much tribulation that waiting and suffering are their destined work; the heroes of long-suffering, forbearance, and charity, of victory over pain, of the unostentatious self-denials of the household; the lowly toiling men

and women, climbing mounts of sacrifice under heavy crosses, without a human hand held out in sympathy; the noble army of martyrs who have found and followed the Master's footprints in the daily round of humble duties, transfiguring that despised, circumscribed, care-encumbered life of theirs into a living testimony to the truth of Christ's evangel; the lonely sufferers, priests by a heavenly consecration, offering the sacrifices of praise in garret and cellar; men and women far from stimulating delights of successful activities, co-workers with Christ, sowing in hope the seed whose increase they shall never reap; “the sacramental host of God's elect,” ever ascending with songs most jubilant from the faithful performance of earth's lower ministries to the perfect service of the upper sanctuary, with its perennial and unhindered praise. They are passing up through the gates of the morning into the city without a temple, and it is for other fingers than ours to weave the amaranth round their lowly brows.

North British Review.

THE MISSION OF CHRISTIANITY.—Standing in the light and teachings of history, prophecy and promise, looking out upon the formidable problems of the time, we not only believe that Christianity will grapple and master the resistances that confront it, but that wars, rebellions and revolutions will be made, as hitherto, the servants of Christ, waking the energies of men, laying bare great principles which get covered up, increasing the energy of evangelizing influences, breaking the seal of prophecy, and helping in the world toward that era of refitted perfection and bloom for which all past history has been one magnificent series of preparations.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. D. F. L.

Among my earliest recollections is the influence exerted upon me by a pious mother, who prayed for me and led me to class and prayer meetings when I was but a little child.

In those days the meetings in our neighborhood were in log houses, and Methodism was much despised; the members being wholly of the humbler or poorer class of persons.

At the time my mother united with that branch of the church my father had no sympathy for them, and was somewhat opposed to the step which mother felt it her duty to take. It was not long however before he was himself converted and united with the same church and from that time our house was a home for the preachers. We had what we called the "prophets' chamber." I thus became early acquainted with many of them and my confidence in and attachment to them were unbounded.

I think my mother to have been one of the best christian women I have ever known. She seemed to care little for dress or show and to live wholly above the world. I was often astonished at the love and kindness with which she treated the poor; bestowing upon them, as I used to think, sometimes even more respect than she did upon the rich. My heart has often been much affected by conversations between them when their hearts were filled with love to Christ. From my earliest recollections I was always under conviction to a greater or less degree.

We always went to Camp Meeting and had a tent; mother insisted on each member of the family being there

at least part of the time. Forty-two years ago this fall at Camp Meeting I was powerfully convicted, but came home without finding peace. A great revival broke out in W. soon after the Camp Meeting. Brother Lane, our P. E. called on me and said if I would collect my young companions together he would have a prayer meeting in a private house. I did so and when we knelt in prayer I was resolved not to rise till I had found peace. About midnight I was requested to rise which I did and found to my surprise that my friends were all gone. Brother L. observing my deep distress, proposed one more season of prayer. How thankful I was, for I felt as if the very pit was open to take me in.

Just as he was closing his prayer I began to see a ray of glimmering light and after the meeting closed and I had stepped into the street to go home I was constrained to praise God with an audible voice. The witness of my conversion was so clear that I have never doubted it, even for a moment. I can never forget the appearance of nature as it met my eyes the next morning on my way to school. The grass, the trees, the sky seemed all in their exceeding beauty to be praising God and I scarcely seemed to myself to touch the ground but rather to fly than walk.

I soon in company with nine others gave my name to the church. One of the number was a beloved sister, now in heaven. All are now gone but myself and two others and I am now the oldest member on the church record though not the oldest in years.

Oh how thankful I am that I gave my name to the church and that she has kindly cared for me and led me on these many years. I have found the

grace of God sufficient in all my pilgrimage. I have known affliction and been near to death; but God has been my solace and support and has gently led me on with a Father's hand.

I have all along felt that there were higher attainments for me. I often thought of entire sanctification but felt that it would be almost impossible for me to live it, even should I obtain it. I supposed it must be a gradual work and sometimes thought perhaps I might attain to it at the hour of death; but then I thought again if I should be suddenly called away how could it take place and thus my mind was tossed about, though I habitually felt a great hungering and thirsting after all the mind that was in Christ.

In 1861 my convictions for a clean heart were so deep that I could not sleep half the night and my health soon gave way under the perpetual anxiety and sorrow. I deeply felt that I was not ready to die and so expressed myself to several of my friends.

In 1862 the W. Conf. met in our place. I sat in our pew as the preachers came in and one of their number came and knelt at the seat next in front of ours. As I looked upon him I said to myself "that man has something that I want and must have." I enquired of our preachers who he was, and said to them "he is the very man we need." They thought it would be impossible for us to get him but I made it a subject of prayer, and he was sent to us.

After hearing him preach several times upon the subject of entire sanctification I went to him to tell him of my desires and struggles in regard to it. At the close of our interview he gave me a book which he had recently

published called "Perfect Love." Thanks to my God it removed all my difficulties and a short time after, namely at Camp Meeting Sep. 7 1862 the Lord did powerfully bless and cleanse my soul from sin.

In the months that succeeded we had extra services in the church for many weeks during which many of my friends were brought to Christ. On several occasions, during those wonderful meetings my soul was overwhelmed with a sense of the divine glory and I was several times so transported as to be brought into a wonderful realization of the things of the heavenly state. Thus God is leading me on. I feel especially since our last Camp Meeting that the Lord has settled and fixed my wavering soul with all his weight of love. I trust I shall still go on, and that henceforth my peace may be as a river and my righteousness as the waves of the sea.

BE RELIGIOUS IN EVERY CALLING.

Spurgeon never uttered more truth than when he spoke as follows with reference to the every day devotion which Christ demands of his people. There is no obligation that binds a preacher to a devoted life, that does not fall equally upon the lawyer, the tradesman, or the mechanic. He says:

"Sometimes when some of you have been stirred up by a sermon, you have come to me and said: 'Mr. Spurgeon, could I go to China? Could I become a missionary? Could I become a minister?' In very many cases the brethren who offer are exceedingly unfit for any service of the kind, for they have very little gift of expression, very little natural genius, and no adaptation for such a work, and I have constantly and frequently to say; 'My

dear brother, be consecrated to Christ in your daily calling; do not seek to take a spiritual office, but spiritualize your common office. Why, the cobbler can consecrate his lapstone, while many a minister has desecrated his pulpit. The ploughman can put his hand to the plough in as holy a manner as ever did minister to the sacramental bread. In dealing with your ribbons and your groceries, in handling your bricks and your jack-planes, you can be as truly priests to God as were those who slew the bullocks and burned them with the holy fire in the days of yore. This old fact needs to be brought out again. We do not so much want great preachers as good upright traders; it is not so much deacons and elders we long for, as it is to have men who are deacons for Christ in common life, and are really elders of the church in their ordinary conversation. Sirs, Christ did not come into the world to take all fishermen from their nets, though he did take some; nor to call all publicans from the receipt of custom though he did call one; he did not come to make every Martha into a Mary, though he did bless a Martha and a Mary too. He would have you be housewives still; be sisters of mercy in your own habitations. He would have you be traders, buyers and sellers, workers and toilers still; for the end of Christianity is not to make preachers, but holy men; the preacher is but the tool; he may be sometimes but the scaffold of the house; but ye are God's husbandry; ye are God's building; ye, in your common acts and common deeds are they who are to serve God."

The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us.—*Rom. v. 5.*

"BE NOT SILENT TO ME, O GOD."

BY E. L. E.

We were as one, my friend and I,
Lovers was not too dear a name:
A mutual joy was ours, or sigh,
The current of our lives the same;
Our love we deemed so strong a tie
That nought could sever or disclaim.

But ah! there fell one mournful day
A shadow betwixt heart and heart;
A slight offence begun the fray,
And jealous words were next to start;
Love kinship owns to wrath they say,
And angered loves are quick to part.

Apart we stood, my friend and I,
Whose thoughts and aims were one so long;
There seemed no joy in earth or sky,
And only discord in their song:
My life was silent, save the sigh
That answered silence. Deep and strong.

In happier years my heart had grown,
With strength and grace that were not mine:
That life inflowing to my own,
Was life's elixir and its wine:
Alas the silence! 'twas a tone
Of heart, more deep than word or sign.

Mine overflowed; it broke at last
In tears, and vows, and tender prayer;
I could not bear its desert waste
With neither dew nor sunshine there;
It met but silence for our past—
But voiceless silence for my prayer.

My wounded heart could not renew
Its pleading where so lightly spurned;
'Twere vain to watch, or hope, or sue,
For love was cold where once it burned.
Another came my heart to woo,
And to the purer love I turned.

O Thou whom I have learned to call
My more than friend or lover now,
Before whom as my life, my all,
I waiting stand, or reverent bow,
My life is lost if ill befall
This love. O be not silent Thou!

I love Thee: all I have to give
That word implies, for I am poor;
"I love Thee!" let my heart receive
Thy sweet assurance o'er and o'er;
And should my heart Thy kindness grieve
Be not Thou silent evermore.

HOLINESS AN ELEMENT OF RELIGIOUS POWER.

BY REV. F. BROWN.

Holiness is a great quickener of all the Christian graces. Prayer is only effectual when it is the prayer of faith, and our faith is graduated by our holiness. It is not faith, but presumption, that rushes into the divine presence with unholy hands. How should we pray? "Lifting up holy hands without wrath and doubting." Our hands will be more effectually lifted up when they are holy hands, and our hearts are strangers to wrath and doubt. David understood this: "who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord; and who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart." Powerful praying is dependent on holy living. It supposes a ready access to God, a favorable state of the mind for lofty devotion, an abandonment of self and earthly hinderances, and an unwavering confidence in God. Can these essentials exist in the absence of holiness? or, where holiness is but feebly developed? The poet wrote advisedly when he penned the couplet:

"Of all thy gifts I ask but one,
I ask the constant power to pray."

It was to ask for the divine fulness and hallowed, unbroken fellowship with God.

Holiness as an element of power is seen in the force of Christian example. There is in the human mind a natural love of consistency. It always strikes us as disparaging for a man to be vacillating in his opinions and conduct. Even error when consistent finds some apology. Perhaps it is partially due to the fact that consistency is a mark of sincerity. This

natural propensity is favorable to the success of Christian example. Holiness gives stability to our principles and regularity to our conduct.

God is unchangeably good. "In him is no variableness or shadow of turning." Holiness gives us similar uniformity of virtuous principle and conduct. If there could be seasons when God was not perfectly good, the deep reverence which we now feel would be lessened if not destroyed. His influence over us would be seriously injured, if not entirely lost. Our natural love of consistency would lead to this result under such circumstances. The same result will follow our inconsistency as christians. Men do not expect that we shall be perfectly holy as God, but they do expect that we shall be uniformly christian men. If we present to their observation, actions at variance with the sacred character we assume, our influence over them will be lessened, and lessened in proportion to the amount of inconsistency they discover in us. It follows, that if we are uniformly consistent we wield a power over them which cannot but tell powerfully for religion.

Holiness as an element of power infuses indomitable courage and energy into its possessor. Guilt makes us ashamed and paralyzes christian effort. Many an opportunity of religiously benefiting mankind has been neglected, because we have felt that "we were not the persons to seize it, in consequence of some past or present defect in ourselves. We did not dare open our mouths for God lest the reply should make us ashamed: "Physician heal thyself." Conscious purity of heart and life makes a man bold for God. He is not afraid that his motives will be canvassed and even misunderstood.

He is prepared to suffer reproach in the path of duty. Such a christian has an element of power within that must finally close the mouth of every adversary and bring glory to God.

Besides, holiness will give increased knowledge and ability in the work of saving souls. We shall be better able to lead them to Christ when we have clearer perceptions of the way ourselves. Increased holiness will induce frequent meditation on sacred themes and in consequence our interest in the pardon of sinners and the sanctification of believers will deepen, and when we pray and advise, there will be a power about our efforts almost irresistible. Our words will possess a charm that will draw souls to Calvary and to heaven.

Hamden, Ct.

ASSURANCE.

I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.
—2 Timothy i. 12.

O strong assurance! most comforting persuasion! Christian! do you desire to have the same confidence in Jesus in a dying hour? Then live to Jesus as did the Apostle Paul. Give him your confidence, your love, and he will prove himself faithful to the end. It may not be that you shall exhibit the same strong faith, or give expression to the same feelings of unshaken reliance on the Savior, but you will have peace, you will have security. Let the shadows gather round you, dark and gloomy—let the night close in upon your weary footsteps, threatening and tempestuous—still the eye of faith will discover the soul guardian—the treasure-keeper—the friend that sticketh closer than any brother. Do you long

for the grace of assurance? do you feel at times a doubt of your soul's safety? So did Paul. He dreaded lest, "after having preached to others, he himself should be a castaway." Assurance is not a grace given to the believer, and never again weakened or removed. His experience is varied, his journey is not all sunshine. There are times of cloud and tempest—yea, even when his heart is glad and joyous—when, with a holy rapture, he can exclaim, "Thou hast anointed mine head with oil, and made my cup to run over," there are unseen yet powerful agencies at work, to depress and sadden his soul. To-day he is bold and ardent, to-morrow weak and feeble; to-day he realizes the assurance—"I have blotted out thy transgressions as a cloud, and thine iniquities as a thick cloud from before me;" to-morrow he is sunk in the very depths of despondency, and cries out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? Long years of training and discipline are needed, ere the Christian can hope to take up the language of the great apostle. But fear not, trembling one! Still "cast your burden on the Lord, and he will sustain you;" still cling to the assurance, "I will not leave thee, nor forsake thee." O look back on the page of your experience, as did the apostle, and "be not afraid." See your pilgrim-path studded thick with Ebenezers, testifying to your Saviour's faithfulness and mercy. Think of his manifold gracious interpositions in the past, sustaining you in trial, supporting you in perplexity, helping you when vain was the help of man. Take these things as the pledges of faithfulness in the future, and let this ever be your prayer:

"Lord, give me grace to trust thee at all times, in joy and in sorrow, in sickness and in health, and in thy good time enable me truly to say with thy servant of old, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day.'"

Pathway of Promise.

LETTER FROM MARENGO.

MARENGO, Ill., Aug. 13, 1863.

Editors of the Guide: The Guide to Holiness is very precious to me, and its perusal has afforded me many, many hours of pure enjoyment. I have often felt a great desire to communicate to its pages some of the dealings of God with my soul, and I now venture, looking unto Jesus to direct the purport of every sentence.

Glory be to His great name! He took my feet from the pit of mire and clay and placed them upon the rock "Christ Jesus;" He put a new song in my mouth even praise to his blessed name.

Soon after this I was convicted for the blessing of "entire sanctification." I saw one witness of the blessing which increased my desires greatly. For a while my soul refused to be comforted, but when I retired into a little grove, and kneeled before the Lord, determined never to leave the place until washed and made pure in the blood of the Lamb, then I was enabled to see clearly, the white stone and in it a new name written, that no one knoweth but he that receiveth it.

My soul was filled with joy unutterable and I cried "this is the blessing of holiness, for which I have so long earnestly sought." Even then the enemy whispered "don't inform others that you are sanctified, you may be de-

ceived, for you have been blessed many times before;" but thanks to the all-sufficient power of God I was permitted to say, "Get behind me Satan for I am wholly and truly the Lord's." Glory be to God that gave me the victory; my heart is emptied of all impurities, and is so filled with love that all my actions spring from that heavenly source. I am living a life of faith and to glorify my blessed Maker in all things.

How grateful is my heart for the Gospel, which has proved the power of God unto full salvation to my soul. Eternity alone can tell what this great blessing has done for me. For more than thirty years it has freed me from sin and Satan's power, and Christ has reigned in my heart without a rival. Truly,

"It is an 'active faith' that lives within,
It conquers hell, and death and sin;
It sanctifies, it makes me whole,
It forms the Saviour in my soul."

How true it is that perfect love casteth out fear. God, Religion, and Love are one.

"O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak."

I believe that the hour is near when master and slave shall together rejoice in God and when Jesus shall reign king of nations as he now reigns king of saints.

I often wonder why this blessing, the only source of true happiness is not embraced by every professor of religion. We that do profess sanctification should freely give as we have received, and let the precious light that the Holy Spirit has imparted unto us, shine, that others may know that we have been with Jesus and learned of Him. O that the whole church would

become holy; then we would be no more pained with excuses and cold indifference. That God will continue to bless your efforts, is the sincere prayer of your sister in Christ. E. C.

THAT ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.—Jas. i. 4.

MORAL DISCIPLINE OF GIVING.

Giving is one of the means of grace; one of the best means of spiritual growth. If no good externally is done by the gifts, the charities, still a vital and immeasurable good is done to the giving soul; enough, and vastly more than enough, to justify the deed. The sordid taunt so often thrown, "Why this waste?" comes of the sordidness that is equal to the sale of the Lord himself; the thirty pieces in the pocket better than he.

I repeat, if no other good is done, there is no waste; no matter what the amount given, be it only enough; if done with the christian motive, then the character is set forward, and the church is brought up higher and nearer to the millennial state. The church must pass through the work and the sacrifice of establishing the millennial abroad, in order to make one in her own pale. These final words of her Lord, then, which lay upon her this amazing responsibility, "Go preach the Gospel"—evangelize all nations—are to her an untold heritage of blessings and of blessedness. They embody the corrective and expulsion of her deadliest foes; they are to her the necessary means of the victory, and the kingdom, and the crown; I mean on this ground of attainment; personal, separate fitness, reached by the culture and through the conflict of beneficent giving and doing. The question be-

fore us is, will we meet these conditions, and have the millennium at home, the kingdom within us? not forgetting the one condition our Lord so significantly marks, the giving alms of such things as we have.

To very many this—as a means of grace, of spiritual advance—stands in the first place, and is indispensable; stands in a sense even before prayer; they being ahead in prayer, behind in giving. To all those, then, who have given leanly and grudgingly, we say, Arise and give; give bountifully; give heartily; give willingly; just because something within resists and says, I wont. Give the more and still more, from the very teeth and grip of the old retaining passion. Give with measure and intent to crucify it; that hundred, the nail, that thousand, the spike, that ten thousand, the spear; and so proceed and persist till the base and slimy thing is wholly dead.—*Dr. George Shepherd.*

SABBATH MORNING.

"Another six days work is done
Another Sabbath has begun."

Precious Holy time—I open the Book of Books, my eye falls upon the words "God is Love." Sweet and blessed attribute of the Almighty Creator. He so loved the world. Ah! who can fathom the depths of that love, which spared not his own son, but freely gave him for our redemption. It was love not fear that won me to the Saviour. I had been brought up to believe that living outwardly in accordance with what the world calls good and right, was all that was needed to fit one for Heaven. In this fancied security I lived twenty-five years of my life, then I found my Saviour—gently He spoke to me in a

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

great trouble "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Blessed words! Though my sins rose up mountains high, and I looked back with sorrow, on the wasted years of my existence, yet no fear but unutterable *love* filled my whole soul, as I came to Christ, and thought of his long forbearance and mercy. Those only who have experienced it, can tell the joy of pardoned sin. Hitherto I had sought happiness in this world only and had culled earth's fairest flowers but I laid them on an earthly shrine, and one by one they faded away.

Now, my *all* is laid upon the altar of the Lord, and love, infinite love sanctifies the gift, and assures me that my trust is on a sure rock.

In the blessed consciousness that Jesus loves me I have borne the deepest affliction cheerfully; every void has been filled by an ever-present Saviour. He may take all earthly props away, but the sure promise, "Lo I am with you always" has been and ever will be verified to the trusting believer—it has been to me. Love and rest, two sweet, precious words to Christ's followers! On this beautiful Sabbath morning, how my whole soul goes forth with love and gratitude to that dear Redeemer! And then faith and hope points to that rest above, rest from earth's conflicts, from sin, temptation and sorrow, "Forever with the Lord."

S. G. S.

Sept. 1863.

WHAT shall I preach about? inquired a clergyman, on a visit to a neighboring pastor, as they sat together in the pulpit. "Are the people who are here to-day principally professors or non-professors?" "Preach the gospel," was the reply; "they are all sinners and they need it."

"THOUGH I BE NOTHING."

2 COR. XII. 11.

BY BONAR.

"My Father, can, I learn so hard a task?"
"You must. No more, my child, of you I ask
Than He hath done,—
My well beloved Son."

"Must I be nothing? Must I nothing do?"
"Nothing, my child; Christ has done all for
you.

You cannot buy;
The price is all too high.
Freely I give;
Only 'believe and live.'"

Enough. Give Thou the humble heart, and I
consent,

Oh, make me nothing, and therewith content!
My gain is loss,
My trust is in the cross.
Hold me, I fall;
Be thou my all in all.

And give me, Lord, in all some quiet place,
Where I can work, and yet behold thy face;
While Thou shalt bid me stay,
Keep my feet steadfast in Thy way;
They must not tire,
Till Thou shalt bid me
"Come up higher."

Even then, above, let me be nothing still,
That Christ alone the heaven of heavens may
fill

Yet set me Lord, a little glowing gem,
Upon His diadem,
To shed my tiny ray
Among the splendors of His crowning
day.

Though unperceived, I still should like to
shine,

A tribute glory on that brow divine:

And let me raise

One little note of praise,—

Though hardly heard among the myriad
voices,

When the redeemed church in Christ re-
joices,

That it may blend

With angel hallelujahs that ascend,

A lowly offering to my Saviour—Friend.

Lord I am nothing, Christ in all must shine
Do with me as thou wilt, for I am Thine.

METHODISM IN ENGLAND.

BY MRS. PHEBE PALMER.

WESLEY'S RECEPTION AT WALSALL.

Walsall has been noted in my own mind since childhood as the place where the good Mr. Wesley came so near losing his life by the ruffianly mob in 1743. Truth seems stranger than fiction as one reviews those scenes. The river in which he came so near being drowned is within a minute's walk of the place where I write.

The founder of Methodism could little have imagined, when he with his few devoted friends at Oxford University were endeavoring to live methodically good, that is, by the "same rule" of holy living, that their endeavors were destined to give rise to a cognomen by which several distinct denominations should be distinguished all over the land. There are but few towns of any considerable size in England where may not be found the Wesleyan Methodists, the New Connexion Methodists, the Primitive Methodists, and the Free Church Methodists.

When Wesley was being so roughly handled by the rioters in Walsall that the blood issued from his mouth, and part of his coat was torn from him, and he dragged from one magistrate to another as a disturber of the peace, and for no other crime than that of talking to the people about their souls and psalm singing, could he have conjectured that here would be three or four distinct bodies all ambitious to bear his name, and acknowledge him as their founder under God? Yet so it is.

BRANCHES OF METHODISM.

Walsall has now four or five Methodist Churches, divided in a way little known in America, but as is usual here.

Our efforts to do good in a general way often places us in contact with these various branches of Methodism, and we have reason to know that each is blessed with not a few good men, and we will trust each, as so many separate families are performing a mission which either one singly might not so well perform. While the circumstances which originated the dividing lines were to be regretted, He who alone can call forth things that are not as though they were, knows how to make things which, if taken singly, seem disastrous, when taken together work for good.

A letter just received from an excellent superintendent Wesleyan minister in whose circuit we have labored says: The great Head of the Church has purposes to accomplish which He does not tell us, and what He means to make of the Methodist denominations in the British Isles we must wait to see. For the present it is plain they each have their own sphere, are each glorifying God, and each extending the Redeemer's kingdom. We think, how good it would be had we been all one. Perhaps it might have been so, perhaps not. I do believe as the case stands they are mutual checks and incentives to good works, and that in all probability there are more spiritual results from their aggregate labors than could have been otherwise, had all the Methodists of the United Kingdom been under one banner. Political objects might have been accomplished which may not be attempted in our divided condition. But whether the same doctrinal purity and spiritual life had been retained I am not sure. The world at present wants witnesses for the truth as it is in Jesus, and preachers anointed with the Holy Ghost; and

very likely a larger proportion of what is wanted is secured by things as they are, than could have been realized in another way. O for general and abundant showers of heavenly influence! O for the baptism of the Holy Ghost to be bestowed on all the churches throughout Christendom!"

HARMONIZING EFFECTS OF A REVIVAL.

We are now witnessing scenes in this ancient town, in connexion with the various branches of Methodism, over which angels and the spirits of the just made perfect must rejoice. Within the past twenty-six days over three hundred have been born into the kingdom of grace at the Whittimore-street Methodist chapel. Here we are daily beholding what we have long been wishing to see—people hailing under five or six church banners, all laboring as one in bringing the unsaved to Jesus. What we have regarded as most worthy of grateful recognition is the delightful unity maintained between brethren of the four distinct Methodist bodies, who at most places have had as little to do with each other as the Jews with the Samaritans.

Here under the one distinguishing banner, "Holiness to the Lord," the Wesleyans, New Connexion, Primitive, and Free Church Methodists have mid-day and evening assembled. Perfect love is the prevailing theme; and though the spoils from Satan's kingdom are large, and each are expecting to share, it is most delightful to witness the harmony with which every heart vibrates to the prevailing sentiment, We are brethren, and our one great work is the upholding of our Father's kingdom, by plucking brands from the burning. We are exceedingly filled with comfort as we witness the

results of this Pentecostal shower.

It is said by many that old Walsall has never before been visited with such an outpouring of the Spirit. The ground has been exceeding dry and barren, but now we rejoicingly sing:

"The desert blossoms as the rose,
And Jesus conquers all His foes,
And makes His people one."

CHURCH MEMBERS RECEIVE THE GIFT OF POWER.

As is usual with our labors, the work began with the church. Few seemed to have been endued with power from on high, and fewer still were disposed at first to manifest their need of it by coming out as definite and earnest seekers of the great salvation. But He who alone doeth wonders walked amid the golden candlesticks. His eyes of flame penetrated their inmost hearts, and many heard his voice saying, "I have somewhat against thee."

Then came the rushing forward to the altar of prayer. Judgment began at the house of God. Local preachers, leaders, and class members again and again encompassed the altar of prayer and all its surroundings. Many were filled with the Spirit, and began to work under the power of the baptism in bringing their friends to Jesus. Said one of these most exultingly to me last evening, "The Lord has given me every one I have brought."

The brother who said this is a local preacher who resides a few miles out of the town of Walsall. On Saturday evening he came forward with many others seeking the baptism of fire. When the sacred flame fell upon him it was indeed a gift of utterance, and he glorified God with a loud voice. The next day he brought his lady, and while I was conversing with her at the

close of the afternoon service she was, to use her own expression, "shut up to an immediate act of faith." The moment she believed, the tongue of fire fell on her as on her husband the evening previous. The result of the outpouring of the Spirit on the one hundred and twenty in the great model revival was, that through their united ministrations not only were three thousand pricked to the heart in one day, but there were subsequent and far-reaching effects by which there were added to the Lord daily such as should be saved. Eminently so has it been with this local preacher. Souls are daily being brought to Jesus through his agency, and, as before observed, Jesus saves all he brings. A race of converts, strong to labor for God, is being raised up.

SPIRIT BAPTISED CONVERTS.

We have long been settled in our convictions that it is the privilege of young converts to be holy. Mr. Wesley gives many instances of persons who were sanctified wholly, some within a few hours after conversion. Many will remember the case of Grace Paddy, of whom Mr. Wesley says, "Such an instance I never knew before; of such an instance I never read; a person convinced of sin, converted to God, and renewed in love within twelve hours! Yet it is by no means incredible, seeing one day is with God as a thousand years." I do not know that we can record prodigies of grace quite equal to this here, but we have seen many who within a few days after their conversion have sought and obtained the full baptism of the Spirit, and the effect of the blessing has made them mighty in pulling down the strongholds of Satan. I have no sympathy for

mysticisms in religion. Any attainment of grace, however lofty, that does not energise the soul and bring it into sympathy with Jesus in the great work of soul-saving, leading to holy activities, does not to my conceptions, reach the Bible standard of Christian holiness.

I cannot forbear referring to the case of an intelligent youth of about sixteen, who presented himself at the altar of prayer, seeking pardon. The great deep of his heart was broken up; and while I was directing the eye of his faith to the Crucified, as wounded for his transgressions, he was enabled to apprehend Jesus as his Saviour, and rejoice in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Two or three days had passed when I again saw this interesting youth kneeling among the suppliants. I knelt beside him and said, "I hope you have not cast away your confidence?" He replied, "Oh, no; but what I now want is the full baptism of the Spirit." I told him it was a purchased gift, and he had only to listen to the still small voice of the Spirit and he would inly hear, "Come for all things are now ready." When Jesus bowed His head upon the cross and said, "It is finished," a redemption from all iniquity was wrought out, and all he had now to do was to present himself wholly to God through Christ relying on the declaration, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." It was not long before the dear youth was enabled to enter by the new and living way, and apprehend by faith Jesus as a Saviour, able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him.

"ONLY SIX."

Holiness is a gift of power, and when understandingly received by ei-

ther old or young d'sciples, nerves for holy achievement. "The people who do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits." A day or two after this dear youth received this crowning blessing I again met him mingling amid scenes of holy triumph. I spoke to him about the great work to be done for Jesus, and the few that stood ready to do it, and added, "You must do all you can." "Yes!" he exclaimed, "I am trying to do what I can. I tried all day yesterday, and only got six to yield—only six!"

Only six! thought I, as my mind's eye took within its range the hundreds of inactive professors who, for want of the power which holiness gives, pass days, weeks, months, and even years, without bringing a soul to Jesus.

Many of the new converts here have been thus spiritually baptised, and strong for the work of bringing their friends to Jesus. Their plan of working is to take an individual on their hearts as a subject of special prayer, and often do they enlist others to assist them in pleading for particular cases. A note written by a very lovely young lady, converted a few days ago, read to-day at the middle meeting, now lies before me. It furnishes a specimen of many sent in. It reads thus: "E. C. requests the prayers of God's people for some persons she is going to visit this afternoon, that God may incline them to come to this evening's service, and when there, deeply convince them of sin."

This morning I asked the young lady if the persons for whom she had requested prayer were at the service last evening. She replied: "I cannot say whether they were all there, but four of them were blessed at the altar last evening."

Another reads thus: "I, R. B., having myself found peace in believing last Thursday night, very much desire your prayers in behalf of my father and mother, and several brothers and sisters, that they may also be converted."—*Chr. Adv. and Jour.*

BISHOP HAMLIN.

Dr. Elliott of the Central Christian Advocate in a recent tour up the Mississippi, spent a little time it seems with his old friend Bishop Hamlin, of whom he thus speaks in his "Notes by the way."

His health is very precarious indeed, but he is walking in the comforts of the Holy Spirit, with that fulness of salvation, in which he so firmly believes, which he enjoys in personal experience, and expounds and enforces on others with a clearness of exposition, and a weight of argument that will bring conviction to every impartial mind. An Old School Presbyterian minister came to his class Sunday before last, just as the class closed. A most pleasant interview took place; the bishop explaining *the great salvation*, and the other drinking in the words of soberness and truth, which the good bishop uttered to his Presbyterian brother. His visitor then administered the Lord's Supper to the bishop and his few friends present; and truly they had spiritual communion together, which his visitor prized and profited much; and the bishop rejoiced greatly in narrating to us the visitation of his christian brother, the Old School Presbyterian minister. The narrative interested us as another proof of the excellency of the communion of saints. We were led to sing with David, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

THE HEAVENLY BAPTISM.

"The heavenly baptism!" If the expression is more than the mere language of rhapsody, it has a profound significance. The heavenly baptism of the preacher is the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It is that spirit wrought consecration and activity, that divine grace pervading his soul which gives to his words a penetrating force, a Pentecostal earnestness and fervor. It may be found in the highest or in the humblest—in the imaginative or the prosaic, in connection with genius, or in alliance with an intellect as barren of fancy and figure as that of the mathematician who read the *Paradise Lost*, and asked, "What does it prove?"

Indeed some of the most effective preachers have been men who seemed utterly lacking in poetic temperament. They have been matter-of-fact men. Their sermons were not even sprinkled with metaphor. They presented truth in its simplest, perhaps we might say, its bluntest form. We can recall many of this stamp, laborious, zealous, unassuming, unrecognized in the peerage of superior intellect; neither a Chrysostom, a Whitefield, nor a Payson, but whose lives have been crowned with a rare usefulness, and who have been blessed to lead many to the Cross of Christ.

We thank God for such men. We rejoice that his "treasure has been committed" to such "earthen vessels," that it might be seen that the power which wrought the result was of God and not of man. The channel through which the truth was conveyed, was seen to be subordinate to the truth itself. The message was seen to be independent of poetic phraseology or

expression. God was magnified and man was humbled.

The most effective preaching is oftenest that which has least of studied ornament, which least of all gives way to rhapsody. There are thousands who yet remember the pointed appeals of Nettleton; we doubt whether one among them all can recall a single poetic beauty in all his discourses. William Nevins, of Baltimore, is said to have begun his ministry in the use of a flowery style, rich in rhetoric and imagery. Thousands admired the popular preacher. But his posthumous sermons show how thoroughly he bared the sword of the Spirit of mere poetic trappings—unwilling to interpose even a leaf or a flower between its point and the guilty heart, and his success is more than his justification. Many of our readers are familiar with the concise and almost laconic style of Cecil, but few are aware of the process by which he was led to his renunciation of all appeals to poetic taste. Robert Philip, author of "*Manly Piety*," &c., was an early admirer of Hervey, and no unsuccessful imitator of his rounded glowing and gorgeous periods. He has told us of his mistake, and his writings show to what extent he corrected it. Few would deny Cecil, or Nevins, or Nettleton, a large measure of the "heavenly baptism," but he would make a great mistake who credited them with the "magnetism" of mere poetic sympathy.

Genius is a gift of God. So are those quick natural sympathies, by which we communicate the impressions of our own, or receive those of other minds. Let them all be consecrated to Him to whom they belong. Let them all be employed in the service of truth. But let no one imagine that they can

supply the lack of the unction from the Holy One that abideth. Let no one fancy that they constitute the "heavenly baptism." The real and enduring success of the preacher depends not so much on the degree with which he can thrill the mind of the hearer with sublime thoughts, or melt it by affecting pictures, as the measure of his own enjoyment of the divine Spirit, and the extent to which he realizes the nature of his work, "sowing or watering" while God gives the increase. A temporary applause does not constitute success. The admiration or emotion of thousands does not constitute success. Vividness and graphic power of utterance may but draw a picture where an arrow should have been aimed, and the hearer may applaud the work of the pencil, when he should have been smitten down by the power of conviction in his own heart.

We apprehend that one of the calamities under which the church suffers, is the "substitution of the magnetism of poetic or spiritual sympathy," for "the heavenly baptism." One has been mistaken for the other. The attempt has been made to identify them. The crowd goes into raptures over a sermon of eloquent periods, and for the brief period of its utterance the sympathy between speaker and hearer seemed to be perfect. The enchanter's spell was there, but it was that of Egyptian magicians instead of God's. The treasure was committed to very fine golden vessels, and the external was so appreciated that the internal was depreciated or overlooked. Well might one hungering for the simple bread of life exclaim in such a case—"O for a baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire?" The "heavenly baptism" would soon change the scene.

The word would be clothed with a power with which that of the mere orator could not vie. The effect would linger beyond the ordinary periods of "poetic sympathy," and in the ingathered results of the harvest of souls—the crowning testimony to the spiritual fidelity of the pulpit and its divinely originated power—there would be no more danger of mistaking the magnetism of poetic sympathy for the heavenly baptism.—*N. Y. Observer.*

GOD'S WORK THE SAME IN ALL AGES.

BY M. A.

Bible holiness is the same experience in the seventeenth as the nineteenth century—the same in the days of Paul, as with the last soul which will be received with shoutings of Grace! Grace!

We have been pleased with the oneness of experience which we have compared with the Rev. George Herbert of blessed memory in the church of Christ. After a life of fruit unto holiness, he said to a friend on his death-bed, "Sir I pray give my brother Farar an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me, and let him know, that I have considered, that God only is what he would be; and that I am by his grace become now as like him, as to be pleased with what pleaseth him. Tell him that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health, and tell him my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found. That I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience."

Having said this, he did, with so sweet an humility as seemed to exalt

him, bow down to Mr. Duncan, and with a thoughtful and contented look say to him, "Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Farar, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it, and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected, poor soul, let it be made public, if not, let him burn it, for I, and it, are less than the least of God's mercies."

With this beautiful preface from the devout author, we make one extract from the book which was then published and still continues to talk with the church.

LOVE UNKNOWN.

Dear friend, sit down; the tale is long and sad:
And in my faintings I presume your love
Will mere comply, than help. A Lord I had,
And have, of whom some grounds, which may
improve,

I hold for two lives; and both lives in me.
To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he—

I sigh to say—

Looked on a servant, who did know his eye
Better than you know me, or which is one,
Than I myself. The servant instantly,
Quitting the fruit, siezed on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A stream of blood; which issued from the side
Of a great rock. I well remember all,
And have good cause. There it was dipt, and
dyed,

And washed, and wrung: the very wringing yet
Enforceth tears. "Your heart was foul I
fear."

Indeed, 'tis true; I did, and do commit
Many a fault, more than my lease will bear;
Yet will ask pardon, and was not denied,
But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean, and fair, as I one even-tide—

I sigh to tell—

Walked by myself abroad, I saw a large
And spacious furnace flaming; and therein

A boiling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set, *affliction*.

The greatness showed the owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold;
Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
To warm his love, which I did fear grow cold,
But, as my heart did tender it, the man,
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan;
My heart that brought, (do you understand?)
The offerer's heart,—"*Your heart was hard, I
fear.*"

Indeed, 'tis true; I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there:
But with a richer drug than scalding water
I bathed it often; e'en with holy blood;
Which, at a board, while many drank bare
wine,

A friend did steal into my cup for good,
E'en taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardinesses. But, at the length,
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled,
Unto my house; where to repair the strength
Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed.
But, when I thought to sleep out all these
faults—

I sigh to speak—

I found that some had stuffed the bed with
thoughts;

I would say, *thorns*. Dear, could my heart
not break,

When, with my pleasures, e'en my rest was
gone?

Full well I understod who had been there;
For I had given the key to none but one:
It must be he,—"*Your heart was dull, I fear.*"
Indeed, a slack and sleepy state of mind
Did oft possess me, so that when I prayed,
Though my lips went, my heart did stay be-
hind.

But all my scores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. "Truly, friend,
For ought I hear, your Master shows to you
More favor than you wot of. Mark the end,
The font did only what was old renew:
The caldron suppld what was grown too hard.
The thorns did quicken what was grown too
dull,

All did but strive to mend what you had
marred,

Wherefore be cheered: and praise him to the
full,

Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender,
quick."

"I MEANT TO BE A CHRISTIAN."

I sat by the bedside of a dying soldier in one of the hospitals of Gettysburg, and asked him what message I should convey to his pious mother. "Oh," he exclaimed, "*I always told mother I meant to be a christian, some day.* Tell her that I want to be a christian, and I pray that God will have mercy upon me." He died a few hours after, whether prepared or not is known only to his Maker. But what perilous and wicked presumption this is, to be always "meaning" and promising to repent, and yet always postponing the work until death brings home its necessity!

There are thousands in the army and out of it who are continually "meaning" to get to heaven, but who will never reach it because they are always neglecting the solemn promises made to God and pious friends, that they would secure their salvation. Sinner, deal honestly with God and men, and do not keep saying that you mean to be a christian while you are daily and hourly refusing to yield to Christ. It is difficult to repent in a death hour,—the hour so fraught with pain and weakness, with dimness and horror!

Christian Banner.

DEATH OF JOHN HUSS.—When John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, was brought out to be burnt, they put on his head a triple crown of paper, with painted devils on it. On seeing it, he said, "My Lord Jesus Christ, for my sake, wore a crown of thorns; why should not I, then, for his sake, wear this light crown, be it ever so ignominious? Truly I will do it, and that willingly." When it was set upon his head, the bishops said, "Now, we commend thy soul to the devil." "But

I," said Huss, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "do commit my spirit into thy hands, O Lord Jesus Christ; to thee I commend my spirit, which thou hast redeemed." When the fagots were piled up to his very neck, the Duke of Bavaria was officious enough to desire him to abjure. "No," said Huss, "I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency; and what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood."

THE BLESSINGS OF THE BIBLE.—

What an illustrious book is the Bible! It rises like a stream in a desert land—its source in the skies, and its fountain in the valleys of the earth. It has rolled on, century after century, enriching every land with verdure and beauty, reflecting all the glowing sky above it, diffusing "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report," around it. It shines into the casement of the widow, like the light of the morning sun, and makes her heart sing with joy, and enables her orphan to lift its eye to the wide shore of the eternal sea, and to say, Immensity is my home; eternity is my lifetime; the mighty God that built the universe is my Father, my Portion, my Friend. It plants in man's heart the hope of joy, the halo of glory and of immortality. It erects in man's conscience the rule of right and wrong. It is emphatically the standard of Christianity. Wherever that standard is unrolled, there freedom finds its noblest footing.

To be holy is to put on Christ, (Rom. xiii. 14) to resemble Christ in your spirit and carriage, as one man resembles another when he puts on his dress or imitates his manners.

Harvey.

PERSONAL EFFORT AMONG LAYMEN.

The English Correspondent of the *Christian Advocate and Journal* in speaking of the wonderful revival in Nottingham under the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer notices the activity of the members as a principal agency in carrying on the work of God. The writer says: It is the custom of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer before visiting a place to have a certain number of the members of the church pledged to active co-operation, to personal effort in bringing sinners to Christ. In Nottingham one hundred had pledged themselves to bring one person to the Chapel at each service. And it was not a little interesting, as the prayer-meeting commenced, to see them moving about the sanctuary in pursuit of their friends, in order to bring them to the altar. Now, suppose the church, individually, could be brought up to this high standard of action, to rescue men from impending ruin, what would be the result? It is to be feared that in these modern days the pew transfers its legitimate responsibility to the pulpit. But it is undoubtedly the purpose of Jehovah that each converted individual should be a missionary of the cross. And if such action could be induced, universal and constant, there would be a perpetual revival in the church. The triumphs of apostolic days would be witnessed, and even greater triumphs. There would be "added to the church *daily* multitudes such as should be saved." This is the true philosophy of Zion's extension. O Lord, revive thy work!

AN old writer speaks thus sweetly his experience to sorrowing souls who bend under the burden of great griefs: "In every affliction I seem to hear my

father say, 'Take this medicine my child, just suited to thy case, prepared by my own hand, and compounded of the richest drugs that heaven can afford.'"

CHRIST.—Oh, but Christ hath a saving eye! Salvation is in his eye-lids! When he first looked on me I was saved; it cost him but a look to make Hell quit of me. Oh, but merits, free merits, and the dear blood of God, were the best gate that ever we could have gotten out of Hell; Oh, what a sweet, oh, what a safe and sure way is it, to come out of Hell leaning on a Saviour! That Christ and a sinner should be one, and have heaven betwixt them, and be halvers of salvation, is the wonder of salvation. What more humble could love be? and what an excellent smell doth Christ cast on his lower garden, where there grow but wild flowers, if we speak by way of comparison, but there is nothing but perfect garden flowers in Heaven, and the best plenishing that is there, is Christ. We are all obliged to love Heaven for Christ's sake. He graceth Heaven, and all his Father's house with his presence. He is a Rose that beautifieth, all the upper Garden of God.—*Rutherford*.

LIFE ILLUSTRATING THE GRACES. Men talk of their faith, repentance and love to God; these are precious graces; but why do not such persons let us see those graces walking abroad in their daily conversation? Surely if such guests were in thy soul they would look out sometimes at the windows, and be seen abroad in this duty, or in that holy action.

HE who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.